

This I Believe Essay

"Well," said Pooh, "what I like best," and then he had to stop and think. Because although eating honey was a very good thing to do, there was a moment just before you began to eat it which was much better than when you were, but he didn't know what it was called. This is a line from Winnie the Pooh which has guided me to my belief. Initially, I had always thought that the term happiness was too broad, too intense to be defined in words, but Pooh changed my opinion. He has taught me something far more than "bears eat honey", and that is- happiness can be as simple as anticipating a pot of "hunny".

I come from a middle-income family. My father is merely an employee and my mother a housewife. I used to envy classmates who enjoyed the luxury of taking a car to school while I had to squeeze into crowded public buses. I envied those who lived in private estates, while I lived in a four-room flat. I envied those who could buy whatever they wanted without thinking twice. Many a times when teachers in class asked about father's occupation, I would always remain silent because the contrast between my father's and my classmates' fathers jobs was too stark. In the midst of classmates calling out superior occupations like "director", "professor", "manager", I had no courage to admit that my father is, only a storekeeper.

I used to believe that happiness equates to wealth, then one day, my mother told me that she feels apologetic for being unable to provide me with a better environment.

At that very moment, I could see the tears brimming in her eyes; Guilt washed over me because I did not know that actually having a lovely family itself is already life's greatest blessing. It was only then that I came to realize that sometimes, something as simple as being loved can make life joyful and rich. There is nothing wrong about being poor; I have learnt to be frank about it. Sure enough, there are many people out there who have more money than I do, but do they know how to live happily and be contented with the little things in life?

Money cannot buy happiness; in fact, it is the simplest things in life which have the ability to create the biggest smiles. For Pooh, happiness is just a lick of "hunny". As for me, happiness is neither about money nor leading a comfortable life, but appreciating the simple things that life has to offer- just like one of the happiest things in my life is seeing a smile on a person's face and knowing that I put it there.

Happiness can be really simple, this I believe.

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